

THE CRAFTY SULTAN.

Abdul Hamid Is a Statesman as Well as a Fanatic.

Believes Firmly in the Renaissance of Islam and in His Own Star—Is Piling Up War Chest for Future Use.

Under the somewhat misleading title of "Macedonian Intrigues and Their Fruits," Capt. Gambier, R. N., contributes to the Fortnightly Review a very remarkable and extremely interesting article upon Turkey and her future; or, more correctly, upon the Turks and the Mohammedans generally, and their present state and future aspirations. With the Macedonian problem, which is the nominal subject of his article, Capt. Gambier deals briefly, his main points being that none of the Macedonian races is fit to dominate the country, and that the true Macedonians are the Moslems. He ridicules the idea of degenerate Greece founding a new Byzantium via Macedonia, and scoffs at the idea of Italian pretensions in Albania. "Left singlehanded in an encounter with Turkey in Albania or in Tripoli, the fasces of the Abyssinian campaign would be repeated ten-fold."

It is the Turk who is really on top in the east, and he intends to remain so. There is no question of degeneracy in that quarter. The Turk is not an expiring race. When we remember how the Ottoman empire has dwindled away we are apt to think of the Turks as a dying people. But looking under the surface, and remembering that Islamism is a matter of faith, not of territory, one can well agree with many Moslems that the shrinkage of their power in Europe is not a misfortune. A deep-thinking Turk once remarked to Capt. Gambier: "He would be a bold man who would predict that the polytheism of the Christians would not give place in another 600 years to the less complicated belief in the one God of Mohammed." The 600 years represent the advantage in age which Christianity has had over Islamism.

To keep alive the faith in the One and Indivisible God is the set purpose



SULTAN ABDUL HAMID.
(Has Unbounded Faith in the Renaissance of Islam.)

of Abdul Hamid's life. He looks on Christianity as dead, while the spirit which conquered half the world is only dormant in his people.

To the hands of the omnipotent, omniscient sultan converge all the threads. The caliph is indefatigable rising early, he works harder than a London accountant. For hours he receives a procession of secretaries, ministers, ulema, dragomans, petitioners, emissaries from all parts of the world. When their turn comes they find that the sultan knows all about their business, and disposes of it without asking anyone's advice, "that he has cognizance of everything that passes in his empire, inchoate and loosely governed as it appears to be."

The sultan's favorite theory in cross-examination is that, given enough rope, any man will hang himself.

The sultan is, in fact, triumphant. He made fools of the French over Mitylene, and has used the Germans as an instrument. He is a parsimonious man; he hates equally wasting money and paying salaries, and millions upon millions of his revenues remain unaccounted for and never see the light of day. Is he piling up a war chest for future use? Capt. Gambier evidently thinks so. And there is every reason why he should, for "Mohammedanism is as mighty a force in the world as Catholicism—all the more so because the common intelligence of mankind is in revolt against sacerdotalism—a curse effectively banned in Islam by the far-seeing wisdom of the prophet."

A Dog That Rules a King.

Dignity, pomp and etiquette are particularly strong points with Edward VII., says a London correspondent of the Boston Herald, and woe betide any light-minded subject who overlooks the smallest detail of dress or deportment in the royal presence—that is, woe betide all such subjects save one. The exception is Jack, a stray Irish terrier, who strolled into Marlborough house not long ago, adopted the king without leave or ceremony, took charge of his majesty forthwith, and has helped to run the empire ever since. It can be said without exaggeration that no one item of the business of the king of England gets so much attention daily as the care of Jack. His food and exercise are personally su-

pervised by his royal comrade, and the general question of his health and conduct are a matter of personal concern to the king.

No Laundries in China.
Laundries are unknown in China. This is strange when it is considered that nine out of every ten Chinamen who come to the United States go into the laundry business. Throughout all of China the consumption of starch does not exceed ten pounds in a year.

COLORED MEN IN OIL AND GAS.

Columbus Men Believed to be Possessors of Valuable Property in Virginia.

From Columbus Daily Press.
Wilbur F. Jones, Ralph W. Taylor and George A. Weaver, all colored men of this city, are in a fair way to become wealthy from the oil and gas holdings they own in Morgan County, West Virginia, according to a report received from Charleston. At that city the Wilkerson Oil and Gas company has been incorporated with a capital stock of \$50,000. The company owns a tract of 100 acres in Morgan county, which is pronounced by oil experts to be valuable that big white operators cannot buy the interests of the colored men.

A peculiar feature of the new corporation is that it is composed of colored men exclusively. The incorporators are: George A. Myers, of Cleveland, said to be senator Hanna's confidential man in political matters relating to the colored contingent; Prof. James McHenry Jones, president of the West Virginia State Colored department, at Institute, W. Va.; and Wilbur F. Jones, Ralph W. Taylor, and George A. Weaver, of Columbus.

This is said to be the first oil company ever incorporated by colored men. It is also said that all the stock will be taken by colored men.

A WORTHY PROMOTION.

Assistant eastern passenger agent of the Pennsylvania railroad is the new title of Mr. Colin Studds, who for the past eight years has been passenger agent for the southeastern district, with headquarters in Washington. Mr. Studds will be located in New York in the future, and will have charge of the most important office outside of the general offices of the passenger department.

Mr. Studds will occupy the newly fitted up quarters at the corner of Fifth street and 5th avenue, and his field will comprise the entire New York state territory.

Mr. Edgar Youngman, now in charge of the Baltimore district, will succeed him as passenger agent of the southeastern district and will come to Washington.

The promotion of Mr. Studds to his new and responsible office will gratify the large circle of friends he has made in Washington in his long service for the Pennsylvania railroad in this city. Mr. Studds entered the local office in 1876, and from a small beginning soon advanced to higher positions.

For a while he was in charge of the Atlantic City district, an important office, involving a great deal of hard work and responsibility, in which he demonstrated his ability. Eight years ago he was brought back to Washington and placed in charge of the southeastern district, which comprises the territory south of Annapolis and east of Atlanta. Under his management the local office has expanded and many improvements have been made for the convenience of the patrons of the road.

Mr. Studds and his wife will be missed in social circles of the national capital, where they have made many friends since she came here a bride, a few years ago. His own wide acquaintance among officials of the government and members of Congress have served him in good stead, and all of these friends he will miss very much when he goes to New York, January 1, to assume his new duties.

A Brilliant Marriage.

Mr. Thomas J. Grogan, of the firm of Grogan, the well-known furniture dealer, was quietly married in Baltimore, Md., this week to Miss Nannie Crawford, one of the most accomplished ladies in the state of Maryland. This lady is well-known in society, and one of the belles of the city.

The Tattler and New Citizenship.

Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, January 18th, Mr. W. Calvin Chase will read a paper before the Lincoln League, 519 9th street, northwest, subject: "The New Citizenship." On the evening, at the Metropolitan Wesley A. M. E. Zion Church, 17 street, southwest, Mr. Chase will read another paper entitled, "The Tattler."

Special exercises. Rev. W. H. Snowden, pastor.

BANK RECEIVERS APPOINTED.

The Capital Savings Bank No More.

On Tuesday afternoon, Joseph H. Stewart, Thomas Walker, and John Kidout were named by Justice Hagner, of the District Supreme Court, as receivers for the Capital Savings Bank. Joseph H. Stewart and John Kidout are the representatives of the stockholders of the bank, and Thomas Walker was selected at the request of the depositors.

At their annual election, held on the evening of Dec. 27, the end of the Masonry at the Grand Lodge of colored Masons elected W. H. Judd, deputy grand master; John T. Layton, deputy grand master; Paul R. Stewart, senior grand warden; J. N. Lomax, junior grand warden; Henry Coleman, treasurer, and he veteran William H. Myers, secretary.

OUR POLICE DEPARTMENT.

Major Sylvester's Work—The Force Inadequate.

For the last year or more Washington city has surpassed the city of New York in crime. There have been many mysterious murders committed and are still unsolved.

The Washington police force is no doubt one of the finest in the country, notwithstanding the inadequacy of the force.

The city has one of the brainiest chief of police that can be found in the

United States. The trouble with the force is, it is too small. There should be twice as many officers as it now has.

Major Sylvester has able lieutenants in the several precincts who do their duty and do it well.

Lieut. Amis is a man in whom the people have confidence. He is a hard worker. He represents No. 1.

No. 2 is represented by Lieutenant Byrnes, and said to be that he does not detect the wrong-doers.

No. 3 is represented by Lieut. Win dall, one of the most reliable men on the force.

No. 4 was formerly represented by Lieut. Hollenberger. He was at one time chief of the detective force. He has been succeeded by a younger man who no doubt will do well.

No. 5, has Lieut. Boyle at its head. He is a sober thinking man and a very positive character.

No. 6 is managed by Lieut. Moore. This officer is a man of nerve and a hard worker.

Lieut. McCatheron is at the head of No. 7. He belongs to the old school. This officer is highly respected for his honesty.

Lieut. Jordan is no doubt one of the most careful men among the lieutenants. No man can escape him. Once in his clutches, you will remain unless you put up a large collateral or give a heavy bond until he runs down every wrong doer in his precinct—No. 8.

Lieut. Daily known as the fighting Sergeant, is one of the most active men on the force. He is a terror to wrong-doers of No. 9.

No. 10, which is the last precinct under the supervision of Lieut. Kenney. This officer has a good record. He won his laurels upon the battlefield.

While Major Sylvester has able assistants he is in need of more men and it is hoped that Congress will give them to him.

Girls' Musical Club.

The regular meeting of the Girls' "Sec-to-no" Musical Club, of which Mrs. A. V. Chase is directress, met last Saturday at 8 p. m., at her residence, 1212 Fla. ave. N. W. The members of the club are Misses Beatrice De Long, Ruth Wetherless, Rowena Lemos, Georgia Marston, Clarice Jones, Pearl Lewis, Georgia Jones, Beatrice Patten, Marguerite Lemos, Beatrice Chase, Rose Keating and Louise Clark.

The following program was rendered: Song "An April Girl"; Miss De Long; march "Hail to the Spirit of Liberty"; Miss Wetherless; Essay on Christmas; Miss Marston; instrumental solo "Lily of the Valley Mazurka"; Miss C. Jones; piano solo "The American

Presidency at every election since 1872.

THE NEGRO VOTE.

In the following table are included all the Republican States at the North having any considerable negro population, and also certain border States now held by the Republicans, or which are considered sometimes doubtful, in which their is a heavy negro vote.

States.	Negro population, 1900.	Negro vote, 1900.
Massachusetts	10,974	10,974
Rhode Island	9,092	9,092
Connecticut	11,226	4,505
New York	99,232	31,425
New Jersey	69,844	2,472
Pennsylvania	156,845	51,668
Delaware	30,697	3,374
Maryland	235,064	60,416
Illinois	96,901	31,015
Indiana	57,595	18,186
Ohio	161,328	29,752
Michigan	15,816	5,191
Iowa	12,693	4,441
Missouri	166,435	40,418
Kansas	52,003	14,594
Nebraska	6,269	2,298
Oklahoma	18,531	4,557
Indian Territory	36,813	9,146
Colorado	8,850	3,215
Arizona	11,215	1,215
Kentucky	284,705	74,728
West Virginia	43,499	14,786

NO EFFECT ON PRESIDENCY.

Whatever changes might have resulted from a total elimination of the negro vote prior to 1896 it is quite obvious that its elimination would have had no effect upon the result of the last two presidential elections. Nor is it likely it would have had any perceptible effect upon the political complexion of the House or Senate, though there is a possibility that it might have lost the Fifty-eighth House to the Republicans.

It is quite clear, that if the blacks of the North in mass should abandon their present allies and go over to the Democrats, the long, uninterrupted Republican domination in several States would at once cease, and it would become very precarious in many more. Such sweeping political reaction is not anticipated by either party. But there is supposed to be some unrest among the blacks, and a general assumption among Republican leaders that the fight over the "Lily White" appointments at the South is being carefully managed by the Democratic leaders more with a view to shake the allegiance of the Northern blacks than to vindicate white supremacy at the South.

THE NEW YEAR.

Many brilliant receptions, no Rubolic Announcement but the Callers were Numerous.

The President and his cabinet held receptions New Year day. The visitors at the Executive Mansion were numerous. The reception held by the Cabinet officers was brilliant. Since there was no public announcement of those who in ended to receive New Year's day one would conclude that no receptions were being held at all but those who failed to call on their old friends on last Thursday missed a treat, because every where THE BEE representative called he found many distinguished callers and ladies receiving them, in pretty and handsome dresses. Open houses on New Year are now becoming absolute and many have long since ceased publishing the fact that they are receiving their friends on this national day of pleasure.

Society ladies argue that while they don't publish their New Year receptions, if their friends chose to call they may do so. It is a right view to take. A surprise greeted THE BEE wherever a call was made, because no announcement was made of a reception and in many houses their were from eight to ten ladies gorgeously dressed waiting ready to receive those who called.

Among a few of the most notable receptions held were those of Miss Marie James, 1906 Vermont Ave., northwest. She was assisted by Misses Eva A. Chase, Mammie Beckett, Estelle Cummings of Baltimore and several others. At the residence of Mrs. Ross, 1901 Vermont, Mrs. Payne, Miss Emma McGinnis, and five other ladies assisting. The toilets of the ladies were beautiful.

Mrs. Turner at 1322 Columbia street received many on last Thursday. Mrs. Fields at 1827 Vermont Ave. held a most brilliant reception. About ten young ladies were in the receiving party.

The residence of Miss S. P. Robb and Madame Taylor was the scene of a very brilliant reception on New Year's day. The ladies were assisted by Miss Murry and Stephens of New York, and the Misses Estelle and Isadora Jackson of Harrisburg. Pa. Miss Robb was attired in white mousseline over white tulle, waist tucked with alternate stripes of luxuriant lace. Madame Taylor wore a black passementerie over black tulle. Miss Murry was attired in a light blue voile over blue silk trimmed with Duchesse lace. Miss Stephens was gowned in a white Pendennis over white silk trimmed with Irish point. Miss Estelle Jackson wore a silver shell dress, the trimming forming bunches of grapes, over black tulle. Miss Isadora Jackson was gowned in a white tulle over white silk, trimmed with Irish applique. Mrs. Mitchell wore berry pink crepe-de-chine embroidered in La-France-roses, and foliage and a diamond brooch. The house was decorated with plants and red trimmings.

At the North, as well as at the South the black people still cling to the Republican party with singular tenacity. They vote the Republican ticket for local, State, and national candidates, always almost unanimously. This is practically undisputed. The recent concerted effort of the Democrats to shake the negro faith in Republican infallibility causes a good deal of speculation as to what effect the total elimination of the negro vote would have upon election results, especially in the Republican strongholds of the North. Upon insufficient or misleading information several writers have recently declared that but for the negro vote the Republicans would always be in a minority in Congress and would have lost the

DR. LORENZ'S VISIT.

It Has Excited Widespread Interest Among Medical Men.

Originator of So-Called Bloodless Operation for Congenital Dislocation of Hip Cordially Received by Our Own Surgeons.

That the visit of Dr. Adolf Lorenz, the eminent Viennese surgeon, to this country should excite such widespread interest is an event of much moment for science, probably of greater moment than the fact of the visit itself. Of course the interest was stimulated at the outset by the fact that Prof. Lorenz came in order to perform the so-called "bloodless operation," devised by himself, to correct the deformity of the child of one of our millionaires. It is also, as the Independent remarks editorially, "partly due to the fact that the presence of the distinguished foreign surgical visitor has been taken advantage of to secure the extension of the benefits of his operation to some of the poorer classes in our large cities who happen to be suffering from the same deformity"—congenital dislocation of the hip. There is no doubt, however, the writer thinks, that the attention awakened can be attributed also to the fact that deformity appeals to universal sympathy, and that during the last generation or two a larger humanitarian spirit has developed. The writer goes on to say:

"Prof. Lorenz does not come to teach our American orthopedic surgeons—our specialists in the treatment of deformed children—something they did not know before. Lorenz's operation has been practiced in this country for almost if not quite a decade of years; and some of the best results attained by the use of the method invented by the Vienna professor have been reported from America. His treatment is in line with that return to the principle of taking advantage of nature's own auxiliary efforts and her manifold compensating fac-



DR. ADOLF LORENZ.
(Originator of Bloodless Operation for Dislocation of Hip.)

tors for the relief of disease and deformity that characterizes much of recent progress in medicine and surgery on both sides of the Atlantic.

"In certain children nature has failed to provide proper sockets for the bones of the thigh to work in—that is, it has failed to make a complete hip joint. These patients are spoken of as suffering from congenital dislocation of the hip. Sometimes the condition is not noticed until the child begins to make spontaneous movements. As they grow older they prove to be pitifully deformed and learn to walk only with great difficulty, their gait being slow and very awkward. Prof. Lorenz sets the heads of their thigh bones in their proper places and then fixes them firmly in position. The pressure of the head of the femur gradually makes for the bone an acetabulum—that is, a socket in the bone of the pelvis—in which it comes to move quite normally. Further dislocation does not occur, and the bones remaining in place perfect the original work of the surgeon by the exercise of the pressure and counterpressure that eventually gives a very practical hip-joint. The results secured by this manipulation—for it is this rather than an operation that is the secret of Prof. Lorenz's successes are excellent. Patients successfully treated go through life, not as almost helpless, always pitiable cripples, but as individuals whose powers of locomotion may be somewhat impaired, though not sufficiently to hamper their application to some serious occupation."

About Eau de Cologne.

How many of those who use eau de cologne from Cologne daily, one might almost say hourly, are aware of the fact that it was invented by an Italian and not by a son of the fatherland which gives it a name? asks the Pall Mall Gazette. Almost 200 years ago an Italian priest, Giovanni Maria Farina, whose name is seen on every authentic bottle, eked out his modest fortune by selling perfumery, little art objects, and so on, at Domodossola. In 1700, happening to be in Cologne and making use of some of the finest vegetable productions of the country, he discovered the secret of the miraculous perfume, which has never been revealed to this day, except to his descendant.

BY THE



They Say.

Be careful of what you say.
The man who tells all he knows is a dangerous individual.
You cannot trust your best friends sometimes.
It is always best to keep what you know.
Some people do not know when they are doing well.
It is the talkative man that you must watch.
Postmaster Viok may not bother with negro representatives, but it is the negro representatives who are standing by him.
Judge Parker or Senator Gorman will be the democratic presidential nominee.
It is not the man who tells you that is the most sincere.
Major Sylvester is doing his duty.
The detectives cannot do any more than possible.
He who does his duty cannot do any more.
Deceptions will work sometimes but not always.
Deceptions will be found out in the long run.
President Roosevelt wants re-election.
Some negroes are so easily deceived.
Do not talk all you know it is bad.
Booker T. Washington is a passing show.
The business men's meeting does not want any politicians.
Editor Fortune has his mouth closed at last.
It is evident that he wants a job.
That is the easiest way to stop some colored men. Either feed them or give them a job.
For six months he will call the President a blessed.
Among those present at the alleged business men's banquet were those the Guardian looks upon in disgust.
Be careful and do not speak to those who pretend that they are your friends.
The biggest chams in the world are the negro correspondent.
They pretend that the press is not something.
The next President of the United States is Marcus Alonso Hanna.
THE BEE never loses a prediction.
You might as well accept the inevitable.
THE BEE is the peoples' paper.
It is a true Colored American and a weekly record of events.
It is the tribune of the people and the planet around which the small stars dance.
The man who succeeds is the one who never deserts a friend.
No matter how successful you are you must have friends.
Do not allow yourself to be led by flattery.
It will last until designs are accomplished.
Friendship in man or woman never is deserted when it is sincere.
Ex-Governor Bantwell's emancipation day speech should be remembered.
The negro should begin to reason for himself.
He should not run to slaughter with his eyes open.
The man who thinks for himself will very seldom go astray.
If the democratic party had any sense it would protect the negro.
The greatest fool in the world is the concealed fool.
There are many kinds of fools.

COWBOYS AT THE PLAY.

One of Them Tried to Make It Heavier for the Heroine by Roping the Villain.

Under a recent date the San Antonio correspondent of the St. Louis Republic writes that there was a fascinating conglomeration of the drama of true, wholesome Texas life at the Grand Opera house last night. Zach Mulhall, general live stock agent of the Frisco, is here with his cowboy band, and they occupied eight boxes at the Grand last night at the presentation of Hal Reid's "Human Hearts."

"Can my boys make all the noise they want to?" asked Col. Mulhall



EMPTIED IT AT THE CEILING.

before he accepted the invitation. He was assured that they could. The band was attired in leather leggings, buckskin shirts, campaign hats and red bandana handkerchiefs. They carried Colt's six-shooters and belts full of cartridges. Miss Lucile Mulhall, the pretty daughter of Col. Mulhall, who can rope and tie a steer in 38 seconds flat and sing an operatic air equal to a prima donna, accompanied the band as sponsor.

After the third curtain the band struck up "Dixie," with such feeling that everybody cheered until they were hoarse, but the climax of enthusiasm and consternation came when Miss Mulhall snatched a six-shooter out of one of the men's pockets and emptied it in the direction of the ceiling. The "boys" were not averse to following her example, and while they continued to play music they punctuated the stirring notes with a fusillade of shots. There was wild consternation in the big audience, but a panic was averted.

There was another tremendous sensation when Jim Hopkins, a big raw-boned cowboy, not liking the way the heroine was being treated, undertook to lasso the villain. While unsuccessful the attempt caught the fancy of the crowd and Hopkins was forced to take the stage and, lariat in hand, bow his acknowledgments. On the whole, it was a bit of the "wild and woolly west," not witnessed here for many years.

ENTIRELY TOO POLITE.

Exchange of Courteous Remonstrance Leads to Hot Fight at an Irish Ball.

The most characteristic instance of carrying politeness to an extreme came off not long since at an Irish ball. As related by one of the sons of Erin who keenly appreciates a good thing; it



"YE IGNORANT POLTROON!"

seems that one gay Lothario, in crossing the room to request Bridget's hand in the next reel, stumbled over the outstretched foot of Mr. Terence O'Grady, who promptly arose and, in the politest manner, said: "I beg your pardon, sir."

"No offense—no offense, sir, at all," responded the other; "it was my fault."

"I beg your pardon, sir, it was intirely my fault," was the response, accompanied with a graceful wave of the hand.

"No, sir," answered Mither O'Toole, "yer intirely in the wrong, sir; I tell ye it was altogether my fault."

"I tell ye it was not, sir," responded Mither O'Grady; "do you mane to say I'd be tilling a lie, sir?"

"Bad luck to ye, sir, d'ye mane to say I'd be atther tilling a lie, sir, when I tell ye it wasn't your fault?" responded O'Toole, quite wroth.

"Bad luck to yer bad brading, ye ignorant poltroon; d'ye think ye'd be getting the better of me in manners?" shouted Mither O'Grady, as with a dip and a blow he laid the unfortunate O'Toole flat as a pancake.

The latter rallied, and a rough-and-tumble ensued, which ended in the expulsion of both gentlemen from the ballroom.

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Method in Her Madness.
"What on earth do you mean," her mother asked, "by urging your husband to get one of those outrageously high-priced Panama hats? Are you crazy to encourage such extravagance?"
"I shall want some more hats from time to time myself, mamma dear," the sweet young woman replied, "and he has always kicked so at the prices I pay."
"My darling! You always was such a hand for lookin' ahead. Let me kiss you."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Strained Position.
The fellow who wants to hold office in quite a dilemma is found—He can't keep his nose to the grindstone and also his ear to the ground.—N. Y. Times.

THE WOMAN IN BLACK.

Weird Apparition Startles the Superstitious Residents of a Philadelphia Suburb.

Wilkie Collins' famous "Woman in White," who has thrilled thousands of readers by her strange adventures, has a fair rival near Willow Grove, Philadelphia. The stranger who has terrorized scores of pleasure-seekers in Montgomery county is described as a stately woman of prepossessing appearance, who dresses in deep black overlook avenue, near Willow Grove, is the thoroughfare selected by the supposed mysterious shade for her phantasmagorical perambulations.

The mysterious female wears a long black cloak, falling to her feet, and the



DRAY RAISED HIS CAP.

hood of this garment is always drawn close about her head. Her dress, according to eye witnesses, is like that worn by the stately dame of generations long since gone. The cloak and hood are of decided colonial cut and pattern.

On Friday night, according to witnesses, the beautiful phantom appeared on Overlook avenue, meandering slowly and apparently in deep contemplation. On one side of the thoroughfare is a thickly wooded tract of land belonging to W. W. Frazer, and on the other side a blacksmith shop, George Dray and Clayton Hawks, who work in the smithy, allege that they have seen the woman many times before. When she passed the blacksmith's shop Dray stepped up to her and politely raising his cap, said: "Madam, you must enjoy walking the road late at night." The alleged shade roused no reply, but scurried into the darkness.

Determined to fathom the mystery, Dray fearlessly pursued the woman. In relating his experience he stated that he pursued the figure for half a mile, when it mysteriously disappeared in Frazer's woods. With cold beads of perspiration on his brow Dray returned to the smithy and related his experience to Hawks. Calvin Beck, a resident of Overlook avenue, says he saw the woman a few nights before. Frank Freese, another resident, also encountered the beautiful shade. He says that he discerned the faint outlines of the figure on his lawn. Freese alleges that she remained in one position for nearly three-quarters of an hour, gazing pensively into the sky.

HE COULDN'T BREATHE.

Rope Choked Him and Consequently Pat Declined to Finish a Job of Suicide.

Pat had come over to America with the expectation of finding money lying around loose, only waiting for some one to pick it up. Of course, says the



"SURE AN' I THRIED THOT."

New York Sun, this was long ago. Pat had soon become disillusioned and was always glad to get hold of odd jobs which would net him a little something to help him keep body and soul together. Finally, becoming tired of the struggle, he decided to end it all, and was industriously tying a rope around his waist when his landlord happened in on him. After watching him curiously for a few minutes, he asked:

"What's up, Pat? What are you trying to do?"

"Troyn' to choke meself, av course," was Pat's answer.

"Choke yourself? You can't do it that way. You'll have to put the rope around your neck."

"Sure an' I throied thot, but I couldn't breathe."

Lubricated the Infant.

The otherday, says the Liberty (Mo.) Advance, Paul Hunt saw his mother oiling her machine. He asked her why she did it. She told him she oiled the machine to keep it from squeaking. Soon afterward she heard the baby crying, and Paul had poured oil in its eyes, nose, mouth, and ears. She asked him why he did it, and he replied: "To keep it from squeaking."

IS GOOD INDIAN NOW.

Love Led Allen Walking Shield to the Gallows.

Hanged for Murder of His Sweetheart's Old Mother—Three Years at Carlisle Changed the Girl's Sentiments.

Allen Walking Shield, a full-blooded Sioux Indian, was hanged at Sioux Falls, South Dakota, the other day because the white man's civilization estranged his sweetheart, and because his attempt to elope with her ended neither his way nor her mother's.

Walking Shield wore till his death long, native hair and wrapped a gaudy vermilion blanket about him when he slept in his tepee; so he didn't understand why Mabel Ghost-Faced Bear wore strange clothes when she came back from Carlisle Indian school, and why she looked over his head when he sought to claim her. But he tried the white man's way—went at dead of night to get her and carry her away into the Bad Lands. But it went wrong, for her mamma, Mary Ghost-Faced Bear, intercepted him and he shot her, and now is dead that his sweetheart might have retribution.

Ten or 12 years ago, when Walking Shield was but a reckless, stalwart boy, the Indian maiden admired his prowess and the two became friends. Walking Shield's native restlessness found vent when he robbed the store of Sylvan Winter, the post trader at Ewer Brule agency. With tools passed to him by the Indian girl, he saved his way from the jail. He ran to safety amid the bullets of the guards, jumping from side to side in zigzag fashion as an Indian does when trying to avoid the marksman's aim.

Walking Shield was now a hero among the Indians, and the officers did not rearrest him, fearing an uprising. Six years ago he and his brother were put in the Deadwood jail for stealing cattle. His brother committed sui-



"BUT WHAT WAS THAT NOISE?"

cide, and one night Walking Shield struck out for the foot hills, and was not recaptured.

While these adventures injured his social standing among the Sioux in no way nor the affection of the girl for him, they were not pleasing to Mrs. Ghost-Faced Bear. Mabel was told in the "ki-vi talk" never to see her lover again. Red blood runs under her skin as well as white, and Mabel Ghost-Faced Bear whispered to Allen Walking Shield she would go with him to some far hunting ground. Walking Shield rode to the cabin lodge one night, but Mrs. Mary Ghost-Faced Bear expected him and the girl was locked in her room.

The next day Mabel was taken to the agency and the outgoing stage carried her away to the Carlisle Indian school. It was three years after when she came back. She was a different girl. Half-civilized now, she shuddered at Walking Shield's devilry. She would have none of him. Walking Shield went to his tepee and smoked long at a pipe of kinikinnick. It was Mrs. Ghost-Faced Bear who kept the girl from him. Mrs. Ghost-Faced Bear must be pushed away. He decided to wait.

The night of May 8 last the skies were black with tumbling clouds. The gurglings of the approaching storm drove the red men to their tents. But Walking Shield did not sleep. At midnight he saddled his broncho and rode away to the cabin lodge of Mary Ghost-Faced Bear. In front of her door he stopped. The lightning's flashes and the expostulations of the thunder excited his petulant blood and he was soon half crazed. Suddenly he lifted his Winchester to his shoulder and fired through the door.

There was a startled cry within, and a moment later the Indian saw in a flash of yellow light the woman's face at the door. She swung it shut, bolted it and hurried away. Walking Shield fired through the back window and the woman fell dead.

A moment later Walking Shield was rousing the girl he sought. "Somebody shot at me as I passed the tepee," he panted. "Your mother has gone for the police."

"But what was that noise?" asked the girl, as she passed her mother, gasping on the floor.

"It's nothing; just the spitting of the lightning," he urged, as he stepped outside and closed the door.

"I won't go. I want to know who shot," demanded the girl.

For answer the powerful Indian clutched her about the waist, lifted her to the pony's back and rode away down the nearest gulch. But a week later he gave himself up.

HUMAN NATURE TEST

Would Man's Second Life Be Better Than His First?

New York Sage Comes to the Conclusion That We Would Do Just as Before If We Were in the Same Place.

"You hear men talking about what they would do if they could live their lives over again," said a man who poses for a sage in the hotel where he lives uptown to a New York Sun reporter. "Here is an experience which makes me have doubts on the subject."

"I went back to the country where I grew up, and which I left 40 years ago. The first thing I did after I had been in the old town a few hours was to go down to Jim Sims' place."

"Jim was the first Scot I ever knew. He was an old seaman. He was the first man to introduce the Scotch game of shuffle-board in the old town. He taught me the game."

"Jim was not at the old place when I went back. He had been dead 13 years. However, I played shuffle, the first time in many years, and I did other things which go with the game, and went out of the place, as I had gone out of it years before."

"The next day I went up to the old courthouse where the boys used to loaf in summer. I clambered up into the cupola and went outside, and looked down upon the old hills and valleys."

"Not far away was the old hill where the schoolhouse used to stand. It was gone, but the hill was white with snow and the boys were coasting as we used to coast."

"I borrowed a sled from a youngster, and lying down belly-buster fashion I made a trip down the track, as I used to do. It shook me up a bit, but I did it, and, as in other



"IS MISS AMANDA IN?"

days, I narrowly escaped colliding with a wagon.

"I went into a store where everyone used to know me. It was arranged very different from the old store, but the fever was on me and I sat down on a counter."

"The floorwalker asked me where I came from. I told him. He said that nobody ever sat on a counter in these days."

"Wherever I went the old desire to do what I had done in the old days came back upon me. It came very near resulting in my undoing."

"I was passing by a house where I used to go courting. The old house was not changed very much, and the first thing I knew I was at the door pulling the bell-knob out its socket. A demure woman answered the ring."

"Is Miss Amanda at home?" I asked. That was the name of the girl I used to go to see in that home."

"The matron looked at me very suspiciously and slammed the door. As I was passing down the walk the man of the house overtook me and demanded an explanation and an apology."

"I finally explained who I was and then the man asked me to go back, which I did. He showed me around the old place and I had a pleasant visit. He was a pretty good fellow after all. As I was leaving he said:

"I suppose you always kissed your sweetheart in leaving?"

"I told him he was all right on telepathy."

"Well," he replied, "there isn't any girl here now for you to kiss. I am doing all that business myself in this establishment. But if you'll step into my den we'll have a drink together."

"His den was the room of Amanda's brother, and there he and I used to go and make sneaks on his father's bottle."

"And now whenever I hear a man talking about what he would do if he could live his life over I conclude that he would do just what he did before if he were in the same place. I don't believe any of us would be any better than we are, and probably not as good."

"In leaving the old town I saw an orchard that was familiar. The train passed by it. But the inclination to get into that orchard and steal fruit came back upon me as strongly as it did when in other days I yielded to it. I felt like jumping from the train."

Powerful Police Weapon.
The police of Berlin carry revolvers which fire seven shots in five seconds, and kill at a distance of 600 yards.

Wonder If This Is True?
More steel is used in the manufacture of pens than in all the sword and gun factories in the world.

STOLEN KISS IN COURT.

Girl Sues for Damages for Injuries Received While Trying to Evade Caresses.

The first case placed on trial at the fall term of the circuit court at Reading, Pa., was that of Jennie L. Keller, by her next friend and mother, Louise Keller, vs. Henry Borrel. The plaintiff seeks to recover damages for injuries received by Miss Keller while trying to prevent Mr. Borrel from kissing her.

Miss Keller lives with her widowed mother at Frush Valley. Mr. Borrel lives half a square away. He is a widower, some 60 years of age.

Miss Keller testified that she was 19 years old in March. On the evening



TOOK HOLD OF HER ARM.

of June 12, 1901, she was at Mary Irass', a neighbor's, when she saw Mr. Borrel, about eight o'clock. He took hold of her arm and she tore away and went home. She then went on an errand and returned home about ten o'clock with coal oil. Mr. Borrel, her mother and Maggie Rainich were sitting on the porch. Continuing, she said:

"Mr. Borrel took hold of me and said: 'Give me a kiss.' I became frightened and tried to get away from him. Then when I tore away he let me fly down from the porch. I fell on the fence and then on the ground. I didn't know anything more after that. I was unconscious. When I came to I went right off again into unconsciousness. The next day I didn't know anything. It took more than a day for me to come to. I was three months in bed. Then I was sitting about two weeks and then got sick again. I had spasms and pains in my sides."

"Dr. Huyett attended me, and then he brought out Dr. Ementrout and Dr. Kauffman. A hospital doctor also came out. I had terrible pains, and couldn't swallow. I still get terrible pains and can hardly stand it." She said the porch had one step.

BETRAYED BY GIGGLES.

Two San Francisco Girls, Masquerading as Boys, Revealed Their Sex in a Funny Way.

Miss May Barry and Miss Catherine Scott, of San Francisco, had an exceedingly embarrassing half hour in a police court because they masqueraded in male attire on a dare, but forgot to stop giggling.

The giggles caused all the mischief and betrayed the two young girls to



MARCHED TO THE STATION.

a heartless policeman, who marched them before the judge.

Miss Scott and Miss Barry were dared to dress up in the clothes of their brothers, and so arrayed make the round trip on the street cars to the mission and back. They reached the end of the line without detection, and, missing the return car, started to walk sooner than wait the half hour.

They were swaggering along in fine style until the policeman appeared, and then they took a long breath and marched past him. He suspected nothing until they had gone a step or two beyond him, when he heard an unmistakable and most feminine giggle.

"Hold on, there, young fellers," said the policeman, upon which he was greeted with a perfect volley of giggles, which settled the case of the young women. Escorted by the policeman, they were marched a mile or more to the station and held there until the proper garments could be procured from their homes.

Their explanation that they did not know there was any wrong in the prank satisfied the judge, who advised them either to let boys' clothes alone or stop giggling when they went masquerading.



HON. JOHN C. DANCY.

Recorder of deeds and one of the best speakers in the Negro race.



M. JOR RICHARD SYLVESTER

Our Model Chief of Police.



JUSTIC ROBERT H. TERRELL

Attorney for the Capitol Savings Bank which is now in the hands of receivers.

UNIQUE WEDDING WHIM.

Pretty Florida Bride Insists Upon Being Married on the Back of a Huge Elephant.

Pretty Rhoda Hurd, of Pensacola, Fla., transcended the limit in unique weddings when she married Daniel Spence on the broad back of a huge, swaying elephant. Eight thousand gaping people witnessed the ceremony and cheered the bride as the final words of the ceremony were pronounced.

Miss Hurd and Mr. Spence have been engaged for some time. They came to Pensacola to be married. A fall festival was in progress, one of the features of which was a huge



MARRIED ON ELEPHANT'S BACK.

elephant in the trained animal show. One of the festival managers held a consultation with the prospective bridegroom, who in turn consulted his fiancée.

The elephant was driven to a prominent place on the main street of the town. A ladder was procured and by means of this the stalwart groom assisted his bride to their lofty and decidedly unique altar. After them ascended County Clerk A. M. McMullan, with a book containing the ceremonial interrogations. Once his foot slipped and the crowd cheered him when he caught the groom's foot and swung back to safety.

Then all three parties stood up on the elephant's back. The huge beast, evidently assuming that he had a sufficient load, started off with them, but his keeper hauled him back with a hook, while the bride screamed a wee bit and grabbed the groom to keep from falling. After that, during the entire ceremony, the elephant remained quiet, merely contenting himself with the proverbial swaying to and fro habitual to all peaceably disposed elephants.

The bridal party answered all the necessary questions in audible tones, the bride's answers being particularly clear and convincing. The clerk pronounced the benediction upon them in a tone somewhat fraught with fear, it seemed, and he appeared thankful when the ladder was again run up for them to descend.

THE REPLY DIPLOMATIC.

How the Treasurer of a Pittsburgh Theater Endeavored to Pacify a Complaining Patron.

That general factotum of the theater—the treasurer—is the receiver general of all sorts of complaints. He must be a man who can gracefully present the other cheek, else he is unable to hold his job. Sometimes



"HOW WOULD YOU LIKE—"

he is possessed of a humor which is cutting. Frequently he is sarcastic. But whatever his replies to the angry patrons, he offers them so politely that, as the song goes, they are music to the ear.

In a Pittsburgh theater recently a lady approached the box office and angrily demanded:

"What do you mean, sir, by giving a big, fat man a seat right in front of me? Do you suppose I can see through him? I certainly cannot see over or around him."

"I did not know who was going to be in front of you, madam," replied the treasurer.

"Well, he's there, and I wish you to get him away," stated the aggrieved one, with great emphasis.

"I cannot do that, madam. He paid for the seat and has a right to it."

"You cannot? You have no right to put stout people in front seats. You ought to make them take the rear rows."

"I don't know. You are getting a little stout yourself, madam. Perhaps some day you will be in the rear-seat class. How would you like—"

"I didn't come here to be insulted, sir," the indignant woman tartly responded, as she flounced away.

GENUINE OLD MAMMY

As Vigorous at 83 as Most People Are at 30.

Still Works in the Field, and as a Landlady Aunt Rachel Lay Regulates No Superior in Old Kentucky.

To be 83 years old and the mother of 24 children is to be somewhat distinguished from other women, but when, in addition to this, one is as vigorous as most people are at 30 and can do a day's work that would tax a man, there is something of the remarkable in the case.

This is the claim that Aunt Rachel Lay, living on one of the Kentucky farms, in Mercer county, has for public attention. In her own phrase, she "came mighty near being a Christmas tree," for her eighty-third birthday was on December 23, 1902. Aunt Rachel is a genuine "befo' de wah" dandy, and she has a decided contempt for the people who are so "no count" these days. She is as upright as one of the forest trees that shade the little cabin which she helped Uncle Lay to build.

There never was a richer, clearer chocolate hue than her healthy skin shows, and the only sign of age to be seen, says the Cincinnati Commercial, is the gray of her wool.

If anyone desires to know just how things were done before the civil war, he has only to get Aunt Rachel started, and she will make a graphic account of her own experience. She was born in Lincoln county and was taken from her mother at the age of 11, when she was hired out as a nurse girl. She had charge of two tiny lads, both of whom are dead, and after this became a house girl.

She saw two of her brothers sold, and then came the time when she herself was sold. This was according to her own decision, for the question came up of going away from her Kentucky home to a new one in Texas.



AUNT RACHEL AT WORK.

where her master and mistress were to locate, and they asked the girl if she would go. Texas seemed a long way off to the little colored girl, and she said she would not go unless one of her brothers could go. This being impossible, Rachel said she would rather be sold. She was placed on the block at Lawrenceburg, Ky. To-day she has no bitter recollection of that proceeding; indeed, she is very proud of the fact that she was sold for \$1,000. She became the property of a Mr. Bell.

Here is where Rachel found life troublesome. It appears from her story that Mrs. Bell decided that Rachel should stay in every Sunday evening and let the other negroes have an outing. Aunt Rachel felt this to be unfair. The other darkeys told her just to go out certain Sundays, anyway. So she began to get ready to do this one evening.

Mrs. Bell, coming into the kitchen and realizing what she was doing, commanded her to stay. "I didn't want no trouble," says Aunt Rachel, with a sly smile, "so I just said: 'Yes'm,' and went on getting ready, and after awhile I was gone."

It was the coming back that was exciting. Mrs. Bell came into the kitchen and said: "I am going to whip you." Aunt Rachel just said: "I don't want to hit no white person, but you ain't goin' to whip me." The mistress then thought it wise to have masculine interference, and said she would have her sons attend to Rachel. However, Rachel had about the same answer ready. "No'm, I don't want to hit the boys, but no white man or woman has ever laid a hand on me and I ain't a goin' to stand it. My old master said for me never to let anyone hit me, and they can't."

The end of it was that doughty Aunt Rachel was not whipped. Aunt Rachel has been married three times, and twice the courting was done while she was a slave. Her first husband belonged to another family, and the two only met at long intervals, and even after they were married they were separated for many years.

Twenty-four "plecaninies" have called Aunt Rachel "mammy," but all are dead except four. None of the children are as strong as the mother, who has split rails, plowed in the fields, planted corn and cut wood. Even now she works much harder than the younger generation, taking in great washings and wringing the heavy pieces with an energetic swing of the arm and a flirt of the water as was the style in the other days. Aunt Rachel does not care for new-fangled contrivances in laundry work, just a plain washboard and hand wringer is all she needs.

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A Suffrage Convention.

THE BEE at this time appeals to the loyal negroes of the United States to advocate a call for a national suffrage convention to be held in the city of Washington to the meeting of the next Congress. THE BEE believes that the negro suffrage question in this country should be made an issue. There is no necessity for a deportation of the negroes from the United States to the Philippines or any other country. There is no necessity for the appointment of a negro to go to the Philippines to ascertain the climate of that country in order to deport the negroes of America. What the American negro wants is protection in his civil and political rights. There are just as many poor white men, South, who are unfit to have the ballot as there are negroes.

A national suffrage Convention will do a great thing to suggest means for the protection of the negro in his ballot. THE BEE would suggest that the Convention be a delegated one and those who favor making negro suffrage a national issue, be invited to participate.

Since the State of Virginia has made such a noble fight for human rights, THE BEE would suggest that the first move be made by that State. Let us not delay. Let it be understood that no traitors need take part, but men who love their country, their people and their God at heart.

Not Surprised.

THE BEE is not all surprised, when Mr. Fortune announced from Honolulu, that it was the place for the America Negro. He left there and went to the Philippines and if he doesn't announce that that country is a paradise for the Negro, THE BEE will be utterly surprised. There is a leopard spot in Honolulu, and instead of using the shot gun on the Negroes, they could very easily drive them to that spot. The United States is the place for the Negro.

A Mistake.

The depositors will find out that they have made a mistake by placing the Capital Savings Bank in the hands of receivers. Had they remained quiet for a few days, the bank would have resumed business and every depositor would have been paid his money. The receivers will eat up what is left. What fools!

Mr. Fortune's recommendation didn't surprise THE BEE.

The administration ought to have telegraphed information in the Philippines.

A coal famine has reached Chicago. The Bee sympathizes with the nations.

There are only two men who can be elected in this country on the republican ticket.

It is quite evident that the next national republican convention will make no mistake.

It is the opinion of the friends of the administration that the Lily whites should be retired.

Those negro representatives who assert that the President is like Lincoln do not mean it.

THE BEE congratulates the negroes in the north for their manhood in organizing for self defense.

The meeting of the Academy of Negro science is to be congratulated on the success it met with.

Mr. Clarkson may have been very good at one time in organizing the negroes south, but conditions have changed since.

Social organizations in any community should be headed by those of character and influence. The idea of those of a suspicious and questionable reputations posing on the merits or demerits of applicants.

Some colored people are never happy unless they see their fellow man on the downward road. There are hundreds of colored people in this city very happy because the Capital savings Bank has suspended.

Notwithstanding the fact that Mr. W. D. Montague is the assistant District assessor, a white man, was designated to fill his place last week caused by the sickness of the assessor Mr. Darnell. There are many negro haters in the District government. Some time ago the community was informed that Mr. Aldridge Lewis had been promoted to the position of an inspector in the water department at an increased pay. Mr. Lewis has been in the department several years and has proved himself thoroughly competent. He does the work of a clerk although a messenger. The fact is, he has not been promoted and so long as the democratic head of the water department remains there he will not be promoted unless the engineer commissioner takes a hand in the affair. Perhaps neither man will thank THE BEE for calling the attention of the commissioner to a race discrimination, and if they do not, either or both may hang in their resignation and make room for those who would approve of what THE BEE has said.

WHAT I SAW AND HEARD.

I am of the opinion that the political occupation of Prof. Booker T. Washington has gone. He is the one individual who has attempted to convince the President that he is the whole push.

Speaking of colored attorneys, I want to say that they are the most divided set that you will find in the business.

It is a notorious fact that a few colored men are now drawn as jurors. The occupation of the Negro is on the decline in every avenue of life.

There are many candidates for the judgeship of the upper branch of the Police Court. The President intends to appoint a young man as the successor of Judge Kimball. I don't know a man more capable for the place than Judge J. L. Pugh.

Just when the Senate will confirm the nomination of Mr. Beach is not known. There is a stubborn opposition to his confirmation. He is of the opinion that he will be confirmed next week.

The Capitol Savings Bank has had three receivers appointed to investigate it. The depositors want their money.

There was a cut and dried slate prepared before it received a crack in court on last Tuesday. There are a number of colored people who believe in white lawyers and almost every depositor had a white man. Had that been a bank conducted by white men, no Negro attorney would have been considered in it at all. However a certain class succeeded in securing two colored receivers. The Negro, in business, has a lot to learn.

Latest Thing in Meters.

A telephone meter has been invented by Thomas Baret, of Sydney, N. S. W. It begins to record time the moment the telephone is used, and ceases when the receiver is hung up. The object is to make each patron pay for the exact time he has used it, and not for the number of messages.

Town of Morphine Fiends.

Morphine is used extensively in the town of Juana Diaz, in Porto Rico. It is estimated by the insular board of health that out of the 2,543 inhabitants, 1,000 are victims of this terrible habit.

BAILEY SEEKS WIFE.

Made a Bet to Marry If Elected Governor of Kansas.

Chicago Friends Recall His Courtship in Illinois Twenty Years Ago—Was Jilted by a Girl He Loved Deeply.

Chicago classmates of Gov.-elect Willis J. Bailey, of Kansas, when he was attending the University of Illinois at Champaign away back in the early '80s, have recalled a college love affair of the first gentleman of Kansas that, in their minds, at least, explains why he has never become a benedict, and makes it fair to presume that when he does seek a wife he will give Illinois a wide berth.

Mr. Bailey, it seems, fell in love during his freshman year with a very pretty and likewise very charming co-ed, and soon the brawny young Kansan was her devoted slave. All during his college course he was a most attentive Lothario, and the young woman seemed to reciprocate his affection. It is said that before Bailey graduated their troth had been plighted. He went back to Kansas to his father's ranch, and the young woman remained at the university to finish her education. All during the vacation after his graduation the two lovers corresponded voluminously.

But when the fall term began a new star dawned upon the vision of the young co-ed. Another young chap, not so handsome as Bailey, but with the advantage of being on the ground, courted her assiduously. She gave her heart to him, and wrote Bailey a letter that made him swear, it is said, never again to trust a woman. An invitation to the wedding of his erstwhile fiancée and his successful rival followed shortly afterward. The couple now live in



HON. WILLIS J. BAILEY.
 (Governor-Elect of Kansas, Who Seeks a Congenial Wife.)

Florida, where the husband is a successful railroad man.

Since he was jilted by this little co-ed Mr. Bailey has had no eyes for womankind. But of late years he is said to have softened his heart. At any rate, he made an ante-election bet that if he was made governor of Kansas he would choose a helpmate. And his Chicago friends and classmates say that he will keep his word, but they fear that he still smarts from the jilting of the co-ed, and will pass Illinois by when he goes wife hunting.

Whether the memory of the sting left by the announcement of the marriage is still fresh in the mind of the western state executive is a question that has presented itself to a number of Chicagoans by the failure of Gov. Bailey to find a wife in Kansas to suit him.

Although the winner of the matrimonial election bet, who originally stipulated that he must marry a Kansas woman, has waived that condition and the governor is free to choose from any state in the union, he still reports that he cannot find a wife to be mistress of the \$70,000 executive mansion.

Whether, remembering the past, he really wants to get married is the question.

To this George L. Douglass, a Chicago lawyer with an office in the Association building, who was speaker in the Kansas legislature in 1889 while Mr. Bailey was a representative, makes the following defense of Gov. Bailey:

"If Willis Bailey made a bet that he would marry if elected he will marry—that is all. He is a man of his word and would go through fire and water to keep it. Of course, the story of the bet may all be made out of whole cloth. But I knew him in Kansas and saw him lift himself from stock raising to statesmanship. I never knew him to fail to make good a promise."

Gov. Bailey is known to many Chicagoans. He was the guest of honor at a Kansas reunion at the Union League club when he came to the city as a delegate to the trust conference.

A description of the man who is seeking a wife with an unlimited field to choose from is given as follows by his admirers here:

Tea Sold in Pill Form.

Pills formed of tea are sold in some of the groceries. About 14 of them weigh an ounce, and each pill makes a generous cup of tea.

Our National Beverage.

The greatest coffee drinkers are the Americans. Last year the importations of coffee cost the people of the United States \$32,000,000. The greatest tea drinkers are the English, the greatest wine drinkers are the French and the greatest beer drinkers are the Germans.

A MIDNIGHT TRAGEDY.

Farmer Roused from Sleep by Maniac Wife to a Struggle for Life or Death.

Stealthily hiding a large kitchen knife in the folds of her nightdress, Mrs. Otis Finhart, wife of a farmer living two miles northwest of Grand Meadow, Minn., retired to bed the other night. In the middle of the night the woman suddenly attacked her husband. She hacked his neck with vicious blows, while he struggled in a frenzy of fear to overpower her. She clung to him with furious strength, but his efforts were effectual in diverting the blows she aimed at him. Suddenly wrenching himself free, he sprang from the bed, snatched



DASHED OUT OF THE HOUSE.

up their two children, and dashed out of the house into the snowstorm, attired only in his nightdress. The children were likewise thinly clad. Finhart, stung by the cold and fearful for his little ones, ran barefooted through the storm and the snow to a neighbor's house, a quarter of a mile away. There he left the children and was given some clothes.

Refusing any attention for himself, he started back home, the blood still running from the gashes on his neck and his feet and hands numb with the frost. When he came within sight of the house it was in flames. Mrs. Finhart had set fire to the structure in several places, and the blaze was spreading rapidly.

Dashing into the fire, Finhart sought to rescue the crazed woman. He could not penetrate far and was forced to retreat. The house was destroyed.

Then he saw his wife on the road, making her way, wailing and moaning, toward the house of Chris Nelson, about half a mile distant. Finhart ran after her and found that she was fearfully burned.

Her fit of insanity seemed to have passed and she was taken to the house where her children were. She will die. Besides being badly burned, her feet were frozen. Ill health is said to be the cause of her mental collapse. The Finharts are well to do and respected in the community.

LAID TRAP FOR HENS.

Inordinate Fondness for Chickens Cost a Wolf, Which Had Been a Pet, His Life.

Jim Sturdevant, of Steam Hollow, Pa., walked into the county commissioner's office recently with a wolf's skin, claimed the bounty and told this remarkable tale:

The wolf, captured in Potter county, when a cub, had been raised in his home and was as tame as a dog. But he had one evil habit, he



JIM TELLS HIS STORY.

was fond of chickens, and would devour the farmer's poultry.

When the wolf's food was given him he would scatter it about him, and then lie down with his head on his paw, feigning sleep. Soon the hens would surround him to eat his food. Woe to the one that came within reach of his paw! She was devoured in a minute.

For this crime the wolf was condemned to die. Sturdevant fired a charge of shot at the beast, but only wounded him, and he ran to the woods. The farmer and his two men followed the animal two miles and shot him again. He crawled into a thicket, and the hunters, thinking he was dead, went home.

The next morning the wolf came to the kitchen door when the family were at breakfast, and scratched for admission. The farmer's son was delighted. He and the wolf were great friends, and together they had a happy time all day.

Sturdevant resolved to spare the wolf for the boy's sake, but the very next morning the beast set his trap for chickens and devoured two. He was filled with lead and the bounty claimed on his head.

THESE CROWS CROW.

Chariot of New Jersey Flock Is Caw-ouk-a-doodle-do.

Hunters Were Surprised When They Heard the Strange Call, But Scientific Men Say They Shouldn't Have Been.

A New Jersey correspondent of the Chicago Inter Ocean writes that James Lafferty and Samuel Byles were rabbit hunting recently in McFarland's swamp, up near Rocky hill. They didn't bag any game, and it was getting toward dusk when they came out of the swamp on the north and started to walk along the edge.

The crows were flying in from the fields for the night, but Lafferty and Byles didn't notice them particularly until they got to a knoll near the road, which is thick with underbrush and half-dead trees. Then their attention was drawn to four birds perched high up on the limbs of a weather-beaten sycamore. The crows, the Rocky hill hunters assert, were actually crowing, almost exactly like barnyard cocks. Their notes did not possess as much volume as those of a full-grown cock, but were a good deal better sample of crowing than many young roosters give when they are learning to use their pipes.

On paper the crows which Lafferty and Byles heard crowed something like this: "Caw-ouk-a-doodle-do."

It has been noticed that the crows in the swamp stay in two flocks, one living in the east end of the woods, and the other in the west, and it is thought that the crowing crows are getting together.

Now that the story has got around many incidents also are being recalled which are thought to have a bearing on the phenomenon. George Fennimore Washington, Joe McFarland's colored hired man, tells of an incident he saw last summer. He was scattering corn over a 20-acre lot near the woods, so that the crows, instead of pulling up the young plants and eat-



THEY ACTUALLY CROWED.

ing the soft kernels at the roots, would take the corn on the surface. As he was engaged in the work he saw a cock chasing a crow across the field. The crow, he said, would fly a little way and the cock, which was a brown leghorn, would rush after it with wings spread out, neck extended, and feathers ruffled. The crow would wait until the cock got close and then would take to its wings again. Each time, as it sailed off, the rooster would stop and crow, and each time also the crow would answer in the cock's own language.

It is, according to a professor in the school of science at Princeton, not at all impossible for crows to crow.

"In my opinion," said the professor, "the song of a bird is not entirely the result of inherited characteristics. It is partly the result of imitation. A bird inherits its call note and a strong tendency to sing, but it builds up its song by imitation. In the case of the crow the call note is its regular caw. To acquire, in addition to this, the cry of the cock, it would probably have to have an environment especially adapted to the cultivation of the sounds embodied in the cry. The Rocky hill crows, if they are crowing, undoubtedly learned the cry originally in confinement. Whether their offspring under natural conditions also would acquire the cock cry by imitation is a question that is hard to answer."

The professor cited several instances that had come under his observation, where birds had learned their songs and calls by imitation, one instance being that of two orioles from the same brood that sang entirely different tunes; another of a bluejay that sang like a cardinal; another of a duck that imitated the call of the turkey, and a fourth of a blackbird that crowed like a bantam cock. The blackbird was hatched under a hen, and when young was shut up in a barn.

Plants as Travelers.

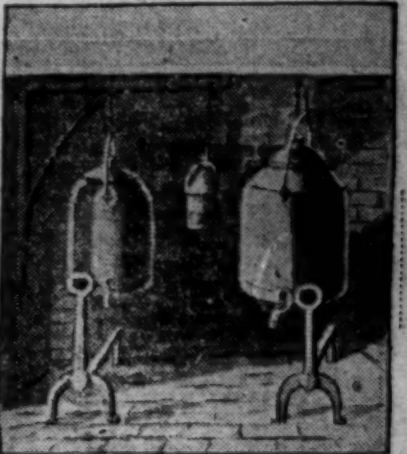
Plants travel to astonishing distances. The seeds stick to this or that article and are carried by ships, and by those that go down to the sea in ships, from one end of the world to the other. Sir Joseph Hooker relates a striking instance of this seed-carrying, which is perpetually going on. "On one occasion," he says, "landing on a small uninhabited island nearly at the antipodes, the first evidence I met with of its having been previously visited by man was the English chickweed, and this I traced to a mound that marked the grave of a British sailor, and that was covered with the plant. Doubtless the offspring of seed that had adhered to the spade or mattock with which the grave had been dug."

MASSACHUSETTS HALL.

Old Bowdoin College Building Contains Fireproof Safe, Longfellow Cooked Many a Meal.

When the sons of Bowdoin gathered at the old college in Brunswick, Me., in June, on the occasion of the celebration of the completion of its first century of educational work, many a fading memory of schooldays was refreshed and many a good story brought again to mind by the sight of the ancient buildings that formed the college settlement in years long past, and that appear so shabby now among their new and handsome neighbors.

First in interest among these old structures is Massachusetts hall, the original building of Bowdoin, which, at the opening of the college in 1802,



FIREPLACE AT BOWDOIN.
 (Where Longfellow, When a Student, Cooked Many a Meal.)

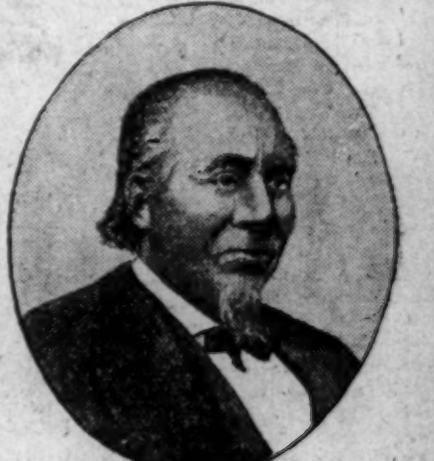
housed the faculty, the eight students of the first entering class, the library and all the other belongings of the institution. This little brick building, says the New York Tribune, has a peculiar attraction for those who admire the poet Longfellow, for here, as a student, he roomed, studied and prepared his own meals. In a room on the first floor is a cupacious fireplace, which has remained unchanged since the day the first logs blazed upon its broad hearth, and it was at this yawning gap in the old hall's chimney that Longfellow did his cooking.

Whether or not the poet was a good cook does not appear in any of the records of Bowdoin, but he had the best facilities then afforded at the college, the fireplace, with its turning spit, swinging crane to support the kettles and pots and its glowing beds of coals for broiling being considered superior to the stoves of those days. Strangely enough, no photograph was taken of the old fireplace until this summer, although thousands of visitors have called to see it, and until recently few outside the college have been aware of the interesting fact that it was once utilized by Longfellow for the toasting of bread and the browning of flapjacks.

CHIEF OF THE CREEKS.

Indian Statesman Who Was Respected by His People as Well as Government Officials.

Isparacher, the noted chief of the Creek Indians, who has just passed away in Okmulgee, Indian territory, at the age of 90, was probably the most remarkable full-blooded Indian of recent times. He was born in the old Creek nation in Alabama and went westward with his tribe. He fought in the union army and was a member of the Indian home guards. After the war he served as a judge of the Creek nation. Overthrown in 1833 by Chekotah, he organized a revolt which had to be put down by the United States



CHIEF ISPARACHER.
 (Head of Creek Nation Who Has Just Died, Aged 90 Years.)

army. Thereafter he lived quietly with his people.

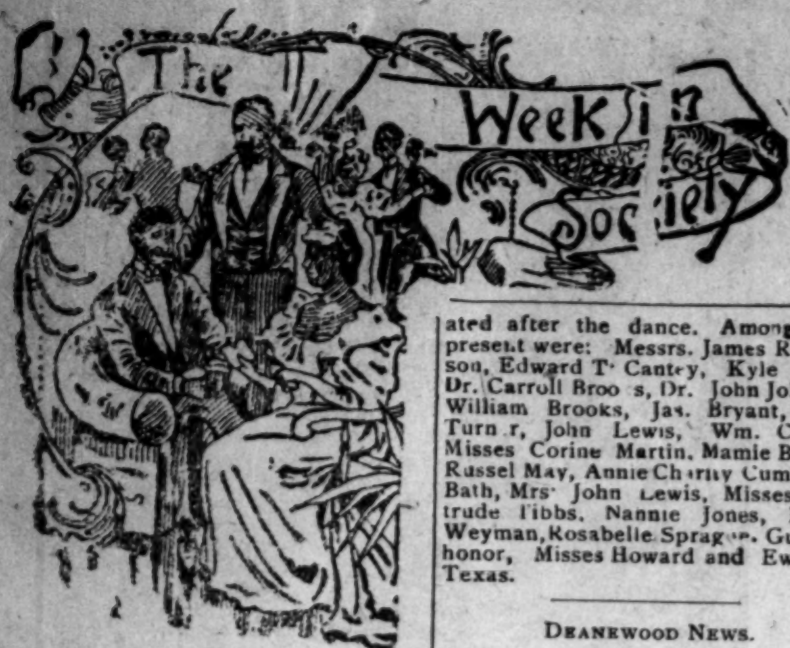
Isparacher weathered many storms in his long life, for his people have not been peaceable at all times, and he has had difficulty at times to keep the struggling elements together. He was six feet tall, weighed 200 pounds and was a full-blooded Indian. He lived in a boxlike hut in Indian territory. He was born in Alabama. He was elected chief of the Creek nation in 1895.

Has Things His Own Way.

The ameer of Afghanistan imagines himself one of the greatest men alive. He likes to have his own way in everything; and when he thinks it necessary to silence a disagreeable adviser whom he cannot convert to his views he cuts off his head. That settles him and makes other meddlesome disputants change their opinions at once, or emigrate.

Family Filled the Car.

A family of unusual size recently passed through Kansas, en route from Iowa to Oklahoma. It was composed of Michael Streckendorfer, with 16 sons, two daughters, and grandchildren enough to almost fill a car.



Recorder John C. Dancy has returned to the city.

Recorder J. C. Dancy is quite ill at his home.

Mrs. Grimke has returned from Boston, Mass.

Dr. T. Jackson spent several days in Baltimore last week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Bundy are enjoying the presence of a new baby girl.

Saks Optical Co., is the best in the city. Don't fail to call and see him.

Mrs. Edith Newman who has been quite sick for several weeks is improving.

Mr. Edward Lewis a student of Harvard College, was home for the holidays.

Miss Mary Bowles who was home for the holidays has returned to her school in Maryland.

Mr. Casius Murphy after having spent four years in the Philippines, has returned home.

Miss Estelle Cummings of Baltimore was in the city last week the guest of Miss Marie James.

Mr. Walton Young, who has been to visit his relatives in Spartansburg, S. C., has returned.

Misses Hattie Hamer and Nanie Harris have returned to their schools in Huntingtown, Md.

Miss Maggie Stokes of Baltimore spent the holidays in this city, the guest of Mrs. Nellie Freeman.

The dance given by the Native Washingtonians at the Conservatory, Tuesday evening, was a success.

Miss Louise Robinson of Jersey City is visiting her cousin, Miss Ella Le Brandt of 402 3d street, southwest.

Miss Annie Gray, who has been to Florida since Christmas, returned to the city, Thursday, much improved.

Dr. S. M. Pierre was the recipient of a fine ten pound boy for his Christmas gift. Mother and baby are doing nicely.

Dr. J. T. Whitson of Uniontown, Pa. is in the city on a visit. He called on Recorder Dancy and his family this week.

Dr. Bruce Evans who went to Hampton, Va., some time ago, returned last week and resumed his school work.

Prof. Ferris of Yale College, read a very interesting paper before the Bethel Literary Society on last Thursday Evening.

Mr. James H. Dabney, the well known undertaker, will be married to a well-known society lady on the 15th day of next month.

Miss Mable Brooks left Sunday evening for Wilmington, Del., where she has been appointed assistant principal in the Kindergarten.

Recorder John C. Dancy, who is making such a good record as Recorder of Deeds, is about to make some additional improvements in his office.

Mrs. Mamie Ware Jones of Frederick City, Md., spent the holidays in this city as guest of her sister, Mrs. Taylor of Patterson Street northeast.

Ex-Governor P. B. S. Pinchback, of the District of Columbia, is one of the most eloquent speakers in the country. He has commanding presence.

It will be pleasing to the many friends of Mrs. Emily Carter, the wife of Mr. Thos. H. Carter, to know that she has purchased the old homestead of her mother who died some time ago.

Invitations are out for the marriage reception of Miss Ella Bruce to Mr. Henry S. Robinson, Wednesday Evening, January 21st, from 8 to 10:30 p. m., at 1921 Eleventh street, n. w. At home after January 28th.

The Peoples' Store, 1022 7th street northwest, is one of the best places in this city to secure a good bargain. Your house can be furnished from the kitchen to the garret with the best on the market. Should you desire ready made clothing for yourself or any member of your family, this is the place—big sales every Saturday night.

Mr. Lorenzo Adams entertained a few friends Tuesday evening at his residence, 519 2nd street southwest. Games were played the first part of the evening. At 10 o'clock refreshments were served in the dining room which was beautifully decorated. Among those present were: Misses Taylor, Johnson, Baltimore, Mamie Middleton, Odean Snowden, Bertha Butts, Messrs. E. Jarvis, Adams, T. Brooks, Wilson Fletcher, G. Bayton and Nelson Newman.

At the new Masonic Temple Hall, 1111 19th street northwest, a New Year reception and banquet was given on Friday night by the members of the Ping Pong Club. A very representative gathering of young people assembled in honor to invitations extended by the Club. A beautiful table of refreshments decorated with palms and flowers were attractive and appreciated after the dance. Among those present were: Messrs. Richard son, Edward T. Cantey, Kyle Pettis, Dr. Carroll Brooks, Dr. John Johnson, William Brooks, Jas. Bryant, Wm. Turner, John Lewis, Wm. Cantey, Misses Corine Martin, Mamie Beckett Russell May, Annie Cherry Cummings Bath, Mrs. John Lewis, Misses Gertrude Tibbs, Nannie Jones, Kattie Weyman, Kosabelle Sprague. Guest of honor, Misses Howard and Ewing of Texas.

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DEANWOOD NEWS.

The citizens of Deanwood, Burville and the upper part of Prince George Co., Md., having learned through the news papers of the discontinuance of their post office situated on the Sheriff Road, Deanwood, D. C., have become very much dissatisfied and they are seeking if possible to have the Post master to establish a substation at the same place for their convenience, owing to the topography of this section of the D. C., it will not be convenient for them to get their mail from Benning or by carrier with as much dispatch as they now get it. It is claimed that under the present Post master Mr. Eugene Broadus that a high class service has been given and he has given perfect satisfaction to all. Mr. Broadus fitted up a splendid post office at a cost of about fifty dollars. In his new building the first effort in the form of a petition has been drawn up and signed by over a hundred citizens and patrons of the above office representing a property valuation of about two hundred thousand dollars. The petition was drawn up by the Rev. R. Lowrie and among the signers are Revs. R. W. Lowrie, R. J. Daniels, A. C. Washington, Timothy Keene and Messrs John W. Gregor, W. M. Coats, Wm. Saunders, Gusie Bumbrey, John R. Colvin, Mrs. G. Phelps and others. It is also desired by the petitioners that the present postmaster, Mr. Eugene I. Broadus be retained as post master of the station for both his efficiency of services and the expense he has so recently gone to in fitting up the post office for the public good.

Notes and News of Music.

After an absence of several years the famous "Octoroon" which has always ranked among the best of colored shows will be the attraction at the Empire Theater this city New Year week. Many of the old time faces will be missing amongst whom may be stated the late Fred S. Piper who has past to the great beyond. Mr. Piper was the first of the Afro-Americans to be recognized and allowed on the American stage.

Prof. Walter F. Craig the premier violinist of New York city has one of the finest orchestras of that city. It seems as though no entertainment is complete without the services of Craig's Orchestra.

Miss Rachael Walker formerly of Cleveland, Ohio, is reported to be in Germany singing in grand operas. A few years ago her fine voice was heard in a New York concert at one of the leading theaters in connection with a Sousa band concert. The entire Gotham press was in accord in predicting a bright future for this charming young lady vocalist.

With about one third of the concert season gone, the local Afro-American musicians have done nothing from a musical standpoint to be proud of. With all of what is claimed to be an abundance of talent here, not one first class concert has been given. Note the difference amongst the whites, viz: The Choral society has had one big concert and are now about to render the "Messiah" Kubik and Kocian the Belgian violinists have appeared The Philadelphia and Washington Symphony Orchestras gave successful concerts. Mada Schuman Heinke delighted many at her appearances here and many other artists may be cited to show the activity of the whites in greatest of art music. The negro here is asleep Oh what a back seat is being taken by our talent.

From the Saturday Evening Star Dec. 20th the Afro-American entertainer is coming to the front with a rush which seems in danger of being too precipitate. The fact that Williams and Walker, Cole and Johnson are clever performers should not encourage too much enthusiasm in the hearts of managers when a Sengambian is offered for booking. The colored entertainer is well enough for a change, and when he is truly clever, is entitled to the same consideration that is accorded the white worker in the same line, but the rush of saboteur talent that has occurred within the last few weeks is almost overwhelming.

Dedication of John Wesley Church.

The John Wesley A. M. E. Zion congregation, which sold its house of worship, on Connecticut avenue, last July, dedicated its handsome new home, located between L and M streets northwest, last Sunday. Bishop George W. Clinton, D. D., of Charlotte, N. C. presided at 11 a. m. and Rev. W. H. Marshall of Harrisburg, Pa., at 3 p. m., at which service the church was dedicated by the bishop. The Christian Endeavor program was quite interesting. The bishop preached again at 7:45 p. m. This congregation is among the oldest in this city, and Rev. Beverly J. Bolding, D. D., is the pastor, and William H. Johnson, president of the board. Prof. J. A. Lankford is architect, and Gildert L. Joy superintendent. Services will be held every night this week, Rev. W. H. Gaines of Mount Zion M. E. Church and the choir of that church will have charge of the service this evening.

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Call at once.

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Name THE BEE when you call.

Announcement

—OF—

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725 SEVENTH STREET N. W.

(Next to Johnson's Grocery)

I beg to announce that I have just returned from New York, where have made extensive purchases in Jewellery and Silverware. The same have arrived, are unpacked, and ready for your inspection.

Ladies' 14k. Solid Gold Watches, \$20; sold elsewhere; \$25
Ladies' Solid Gold Rings, \$1, \$1.50, \$2.50 and \$3.50; worth twice the price;
Ladies' Genuine Diamond Rings, \$5 up to \$100; all of them gems.
Ladies' Solid Gold Lorgnette Chains, \$7 up to \$16; all the latest styles.
Ladies' Solid Gold Brooches, \$2.50 up to \$25.
Gents' Solid Gold Dumb-bell Sleeve buttons, \$3.50; a useful present.
Gents' 14k. Gold-filled Chains, \$2.00 warranted for five years' wear.
Gents' Diamond Sleeve Buttons, \$5 up; a little gem in each button.
Gents' Diamond Studs, \$7.50 up.
Gents' Solid Gold Rings, with genuine stones, from \$4 up.
Solid Silver Thimbles, 25c.
Solid Silver Teaspoons, from \$4.00 half dozen up.
Ladies' Silver Watches, \$4 and \$5

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A Study in Averages.
The average number of criminals is 38 to the 1,000, among bachelors; among married men, the ratio is only 18 per 1,000.

Turned Girls' Heads.
"Do you see that tall chap, Pedro? Well, he has turned many a girl's head."
"But he is neither handsome nor rich."
"I know that."
"Then how did he turn girls' heads?"
"With his preparation. He manufactures hair bleach."—Philadelphia Record.

A Foolish Question.
Dora—Oh, I'm in such distress of mind and I want your advice. I am loved by three men, and I don't know which to accept.
Clara—Which one has the most money?
Dora—If I knew that, do you suppose I'd waste precious time running

HOTELS.

BALTIMORE.

The Stafford

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EQUIPPED WITH ALL MODERN IMPROVED FURNITURE.

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CUISINE UNEXCELLED.

JAMES P. A. O'CONNOR, MANAGER

Baltimore, Md.

This is what Mr. Fortune found there.

HERE'S A LITTLE



Pointers for You

By Miss May Clematis.

Dorah. I would advise you not to deceive your friend. It will react to your detriment some day.

Etta. You cannot please every one, take my advice and leave well enough alone. A true friend is hard to find.

Elsie. It is the good girl who will do good deeds. Don't allow the bad habits of others to influence you.

Nellie. A girl is judged by her manners. You should so conduct yourself that your enemies will not suspicion you.

Bella. A good disposition is the immediate jewel of a woman. Bad habits will end in destruction.

Ida. Speak well of your neighbor and do not allow yourself to be brought into a gossip.

Ione. I am glad to see you look like yourself again. Remember what Shakespeare says: "Sorrow never could revive the dead, so we weep because we weep in vain."

Liz. Dress doesn't make a man or woman. It will add to his or her appearance.

Mamie. You can win more by coaxing than you can by threats. Kind words soothe the most stubborn heart.

I. M. It is the honest girl who retains the friendship of her companions.

D. T. The Native Washingtonian's will desert their organization.

Rachel. Don't allow yourself to be persuaded by new faces. Girls act very foolish sometimes.

Ida. Never allow yourself to be influenced to deceive those who are your true friends. False friendship leads one to destruction.

Sarah. Flashy dressing will suit the girl who has no taste, but not a lady of refinement.

Girls are not at all careful of their association now. Some girls like others because they dress well. Don't forget that character is necessary all the time.

Miss M. Your questions have two constructions. If you are convinced that marrying will improve your condition, then accept the advice of your friends. Your mother's advice should be heeded. Divorces are numerous now.

Estelle. You are tired of teaching and your desire is to marry. Do as you think best. If you have him under control now, your fate will never be conjectured.

Nella. You should get something in your head. Beau y soon fades and dress is only momentary.

Sis. Yes, you should know how to keep house. Good men will appreciate good house wives.

Sedateness is a quality that will carry any lady through life.

Letter writing should be conducted with care.

A letter should be so written that third party can read it.

It is in bad taste to come to a conclusion on doubtful information.

Never allow a position to cause you to lose your manners.

One that is never satisfied is always unhappy.

Ammy. Be thoughtful. It will pay you in the end. A reliable person can always be relied on.

J. Think well of every one, until you are convinced to the contrary. Don't believe always that your friends are dishonest because they should be a mistake once.

Most often dislike one because others say so.

Form and express an opinion because of what other people say.

It is always best to hear both sides of questions and decide for ourselves.

It is will talk and form their likes dislikes because of what other people say.

Don't envy others because they are successful than you are.

Speak well of every one and don't speak a hasty conclusion.

Don't speak well of your neighbor if it is best to say nothing.

It is bad taste to allow a gentleman to see familiar letters to you, that he have met away.

Pretensions are often construed as honest expressions.

Don't imagine that you are admired because you are told so. Deception is often an underlying principle with some people.

A weak girl will be persuaded by flattery.

It is your dress that men often admire and not yourself.

Put the same face in tattered gowns and see how much you are appreciated.

Be what you are and you will succeed.

S. You should be one thing or nothing. You cannot have the same and appreciation.

TREED BY A MANIAC.

Thrilling Adventure of a Lineman Near a Madhouse.

Fortunately, He Had a Telephone with Him, and That Saved His Life—Wanted to Cut Him to Pieces.

"We all meet with strange adventures in this world, I guess," said an old lineman to a Cincinnati Enquirer reporter, "but I think I had an experience that beats many a one. While engaged with the Bell Telephone company, I was sent out one day to find the trouble between the office and the insane hospital at Indianapolis."

"An attendant escorted me from place to place; but while I was in the hall examining the telephone he was called away. I was busy with my work when a hand was laid on my shoulder and a voice at my elbow said:

"Say, is that the safe where you put my money?"

"Astonished I looked up, and into the face of an elderly man who looked every inch the gentleman, being neatly and carefully dressed. For a moment I was too much surprised to answer, for his appearance at first belied the inference I drew from his question, but a closer observation revealed an unnatural expression in his eyes; so, remembering where I was, I knew he was a maniac. Thinking to humor him, I said:

"Yes, I put it there; it is a good place for it."

"Quick as a flash he caught up a heavy stool that was standing near and brought it down with all his might on the telephone, crushing it."

"Give it to me, quick—quick!" he gasped, but I didn't stop to give him anything, but just started on a run for the door, and there met the attendant, who soon quieted the poor fellow and led him away.

"I had to make another trip to the city for another telephone, and as it



"AIN'T THIS A BEAUTY?"

was late by this time I didn't go back until the next day. When I got out there I found several 'trusties' guarded by their keepers working in the garden. I saw my friend of the day before busy with a large knife toppling turnips. He glanced up at me, and I saw a quick, angry gleam shoot into his eyes.

"I had to climb a tree in an isolated part of the yard to unfasten a wire that had in some way caught on a limb. I connected my test set and called up the wire chief and explained the case to him, so with the work I had done and talking to him 20 minutes must have passed. I started to get down, and when I reached the lower limb looked for a place to drop. But I didn't drop, for there, standing at the foot of the tree, stood my crazy man, the knife still in his hand.

"Come down!" he yelled. "I know you. You are the man that stole my \$5,000. Give it up to me, or I will kill you, you thief! Come down or I will come up there and cut your heart out!"

"But I didn't come. I scrambled higher and yelled for help.

"About this time another inmate came sauntering along and at once took a hand in the game and held the plank for my friend, who soon made good headway, and I saw in a few moments he would reach me. I yelled again, but no one came.

"At that instant an idea flashed into my brain. I quickly attached the test set and called the wire chief at the office.

"For heaven's sake call up the insane hospital and tell them to send help to me, or I am a dead man! There are two lunatics after me and one of them is coming up the tree with a knife a foot long! Hurry, hurry, for God's sake!"

"With a surprised exclamation he cut me out. I looked down and found the man was in the tree, and was coming toward me, snarling like a wildcat.

"Closer he came, until he was just below me, when he seated himself on a large limb, and, flourishing the knife, yelled:

"Look at this. Ain't it a beauty? Won't it cut you, though? It is sharp! I will cut you up like a steak!"

"He started toward me and had one hand on my foot, and I had just raised the other to kick him, when several keepers rushed up; two of them climbed the tree, and just as he raised the knife to strike they reached him and threw a rope around him. So intent was he on doing for me that he did not see them, and was easily taken."

HAPPY ENGAGEMENT.

J. Medill McCormick, of Chicago, Seen to Become the Husband of Miss Ruth Hanna.

The engagement has just been announced of Miss Ruth Hanna, daughter of the senior United States senator from Ohio, and Medill McCormick, of Chicago, a grandson of the late Cyrus H. McCormick and Joseph Medill. The date for the union has not yet been fixed, but it will doubtless take place in the near future. The alliance of two such prominent families promises to be an event of great interest in their circles. Chicago is the home and was the birthplace of the prospective groom, and here, says the Chicago



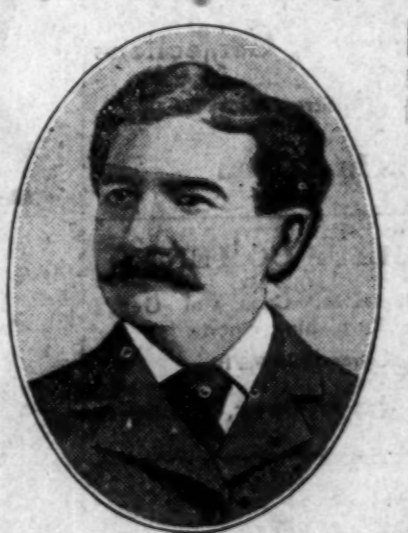
J. MEDILL MCCORMICK. (Young Chicagoan Who Is Engaged to Miss Ruth Hanna.)

Chronicle, he has long been known as one of the foremost among the younger society people of the city. Miss Hanna's home is at Cleveland, and there she was reared in all the luxury that affluence and indulgent parents could bestow upon her. For several seasons she has been one of the leading society lights in the national capital. While Senator Hanna has never been noted for his leadership except in politics, he has given several notable receptions at Washington, and at these his daughter has been conspicuous and has won all hearts by her grace and beauty. She is, withal, a young woman of rare tact and intelligence and is accomplished in all those arts that lend a charm to the society girl of the period. In any society she would be regarded as a leader, independently of her father's exalted position. Her demeanor is exceedingly modest and she has never sought to obtrude herself. Nevertheless, her presence at all the leading social functions at the capital has been greatly in request during the two seasons that have elapsed since her debut. Mr. McCormick has been for a number of years connected with several of the leading Chicago clubs, and in each he is a favorite with both old and young. He possesses excellent business ability, is genial to a fault, correct in his personal habits and in every way an exemplary citizen. The match is regarded as one of the most suitable that could be arranged and the young people will receive the hearty congratulations of hosts of friends who have known them from the days of their childhood up to the present time and have esteemed them for their high standards of deportment and their admirable qualities generally. It has not yet been determined where the young people will take up their residence, but as Mr. McCormick's financial interests are centered in Chicago it is probable they will reside here a large portion of the time, making occasional visits to Washington and Cleveland that they may not be too sorely missed in those cities.

WILLIAM F. HARRITY.

Eastern Democrats Think He Would Make an Excellent Candidate for the Presidency.

William F. Harrity, of Philadelphia, who has just been announced as a candidate for the democratic nomination for president in 1904, has been a promi-



WILLIAM F. HARRITY. (Latest Democratic Possibility for Presidential Nomination.)

nent figure in state and national politics since 1884, when he served as a delegate to the democratic national convention. From 1885 to 1889 he was postmaster of Philadelphia, chairman of the state central committee in 1890, secretary of state of Pennsylvania from 1891 to 1893, chairman of the democratic national committee from 1892 to 1896, and delegate to the Chicago convention of the last named year. Mr. Harrity is an able lawyer and is president of the Equitable Trust company. He is 52 years old.

Strength of Various Wires. Of three wires of the same thickness, one made of gold will sustain 150 pounds; one of copper, 300 pounds; one of iron, 540 pounds.

BULL FOUGHT WELL.

Beats Off and Kills Two Marauding Alligators.

Third Saurian Tries to Make Off with a Calf, But Is Defeated by Jim Carew—A Fight Worth Seeing.

Jim Carew, who lives ten miles above Fort Hagerman, Fla., on the river, has some fine cattle and the best of the lot he pastures in an inclosure near the river. There were four cows, a bull and two calves in the enclosure one morning when, hearing a terrible din, he trotted out with his dogs to see what ailed his pets. Three gators had managed to get into the enclosure from the river side, and while one was stalking a calf that he had managed to get to the water's edge, the other two were fighting the calf.

Gator No. 1, the biggest of the lot and ugliest customer, was fighting the calf while No. 2 was trying to keep out of the way of the frequent and furious rushes of the cows. No. 3 had the calf in charge. It was bleating loudly and this served to infuriate the cattle.

The fight between the bull and his antagonist was a furious and bloody one. The bull charged up to the saurian, when the latter nimbly darted aside and gave the bovine a terrible blow with its tail that staggered him. With a loud bellow of rage the bull turned quickly and with good luck hooked the gator on the side, half turning him over. The saurian raged and bellowed and finally managed to get loose. He then struck the bull again a sounding whack, half knocking him down. Following this he darted up and caught the bull with his jaws on the nose. The bull bellowed with pain and stamped on the gator's head. For a few minutes they plunged around and then the bull got loose. With more caution he plunged at the gator and managed to gore him badly, partly ripping his side open. The gator had enough now and tried to crawl away, but the bull kept on pushing and going till the gator was near-



TUGGING AWAY AT THE CALF.

ly dead. He then jumped on the bloody carcass, furiously stamping on it till it was a shapeless mass.

Meanwhile the cows were having a hard time with No. 2. But they managed things differently and had affairs more their own way. They ran toward the gator and, watching their chance, jumped on him. This was done repeatedly and the gator did not get a chance hardly to strike back. One cow ventured too close and the gator's long tail came around with a thud and struck her fairly on the side, sending her a dozen feet. The others, enraged by this, followed their charges by trying to gore the gator. He kept out of their way by striking at them and trying to seize their noses in his jaws. One cow was caught by this means and half thrown. As she stood there trembling and moaning with pain, the bull, who had just finished his victim, heard her. He came up with a roar and with the utmost fury pitched at the gator. The wily saurian heard him coming and had turned half around when the bull caught him on his horns, half lifting him from the ground. The gator clawed and bit at its antagonist and the fight for several minutes was a warm and bloody one. Finally the bull triumphed and got the gator under his feet, when he trampled him to death.

No. 3 was all this time trying to get the calf into deep water, but the little fellow was fighting as well as he could and bleating loudly. The gator had gotten him into two feet of water when Mr. Carew appeared on the scene. He drew his gun and killed No. 3.

Gators seldom venture into a herd, says the New York Sun, but will take young cattle and calves from the water's side. These gators must have been very hungry. Mr. Carew thinks, to venture a fight as they did with the grown cattle.

Killed by Harbored Hash. A plate of hash proved more deadly to Alfred Holbrook than four years' experience as a soldier during the war of the rebellion. He was present at the recent confederate reunion in Dallas, Tex., and regaled himself with a breakfast, the chief dish of which was hash. It chanced to have in it a piece of shoestring with a brass tip at the end. The brass tip caused a fatal attack of blood poisoning.

Where Is Your Share? If the earth were equally divided among its inhabitants, each person's share would be about 23½ acres.

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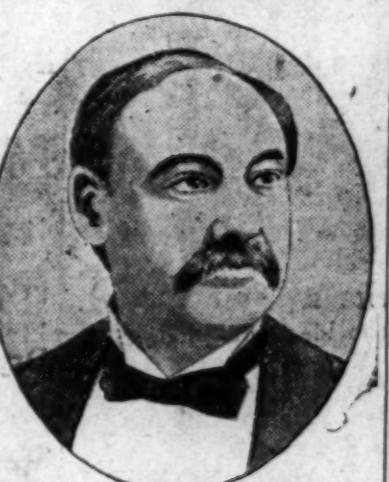
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UNIQUE FOOD TEST.

It is Now Being Conducted in Washington Under the Direction of Prof. H. W. Wiley.

Prof. Wiley, the chemist of the agricultural department, began running a government boarding house the other day. The 12 young men who have agreed to submit to experiment to determine the effect of chemically treated foods all arrived at the department promptly at 7:30 o'clock in the morning. Every ounce of food and drink they took was carefully measured, and the same system will be followed during the whole six months of the experiment.

For a week or two they will be given only the best and most nutritious food, so as to determine the action of differ-



PROF. H. W. WILEY. (Chief Chemist of United States Department of Agriculture.)

ent substances in the case of each man. After this preliminary training the 12 free boarders, who are all clerks in the department, will be divided into two squads, who will take their meals at separate tables. At one table the food will all be prepared with adulterants, coloring matter and preservative compounds. This is to be known as the poison squad, and they will be fed in this way for a period of half a month, when the tables will be turned literally and the other half dozen young men will become the poison squad and the first six will recuperate on the fat of the land.

There is a secret connected with all this which even the young men who are being experimented upon will not be able to penetrate. One clerk will be fed throughout with adulterated food and one will be given nothing but pure food, but the greatest care is to be taken so that no one will know the identity of these men except the chemist in charge so as to avoid any effects on the body as the result of mere imagination.

The clerks who are to be the subject of this extraordinary experiment are delighted at the chance of securing their table board for six months absolutely free of cost to themselves, especially as they know that Prof. Wiley and several attending physicians will see to it that there are no dangerous or fatal results.

Oyster Bed in a Well.

Robert Douglas, a colored man of Paris, Tex., has an oyster bed in his well. Two years ago he brought home an oyster which was covered with little oyster shells, and one of his children threw it into the well. Now the bottom of the well is an oyster bed, and often the well bucket is found covered with young oysters.

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A novel method of getting rid of black smoke, and at the same time turning it to practical use, is now being adopted in some Belgian factories. The smoke is driven by fans into a porous receptacle over which flows a stream of petroleum or similar liquid. The smoke is thus caught and turned into a gas that gives great heat, and can be used for running gas engines.

The Population of Spain.
The population of Spain is only 2,000,000 more than it was 45 years ago.

Medical Ethics in China.
Chinese doctors are very particular about the distinction between physicians and surgeons. A Chinese gentleman was struck by an arrow which remained fast in his body. A surgeon was sent for and broke off the protruding bit of the arrow, leaving the point imbedded. He refused to extract it, because the case was clearly one for a physician, the arrow being inside the body.

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